

Hauger's

36 Store Buying Power

Saves you \$2 to \$5 on best quality "comfort clothes"

Finely Tailored, Stylish Suits of Genuine Palm Beach and Cool Cloth

\$8 and \$11.50

—All Models and Shades, in Sizes to Fit All Builds.

Fine Quality
TROPICAL WORSTEDS
Unequaled Values At
\$22.50

New Location After
Sept. 1st,
92 S. Main St.

Hauger

166 South Main St.

DIXIE SOLDIERS ASK RATIFICATION

Robinson and Harrison Assert Adoption Without Change Is Essential.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—Early ratification by the senate of the peace treaty and its league of nations covenant without reservations were declared to be essential to both the present and future security of the world by Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, and Harrison, of Mississippi, speaking here last night at the Trinity church forum.

Adoption of any modifying reservations by the senate, Senator Robinson declared, would constitute amendment of the treaty and compel re-opening of negotiations. "because every other nation, including Germany, would then insist upon its own reservations, and the 'return of peace' would be indefinitely deferred."

Touching upon the status of Ireland under the proposed league of nations, Senator Robinson declared the league would improve Ireland's opportunity for securing independence. Ireland certainly would lose no advantage, he said, because without the league there is "no probability that any nation will attack England for the purpose of freeing Ireland."

Senator Harrison declared unreserved ratification of the league of nations covenant was necessary to "insure the fruits of victory, which the league of nations and the preservation of organized government. Failure of ratification by the senate, he said, would be a source of anxiety and spread a blanket of sadness over the world."

COST OF SHOES MORE THAN EVER, SAY DEALERS

Local shoe dealers, in both the wholesale and retail trade, are in the position of the old-time politician who always "viewed with alarm" the doings of the political party with which he was not affiliated. The shoe dealers are viewing with alarm the reports of a shortage of hides, and the steady advance in price of leather.

One wholesale merchant, basing the cost on the quoted price in Boston during the present week of \$2 a square foot for calfskin, of which the uppers of the best men's shoes are made, figured that the cost to manufacture such shoes now is between \$11 and \$12 at the factory. To that must be added the cost of selling, and the retailers' profits.

A traveling salesman for a big Chicago wholesale shoe house, while chatting at one of the hotels, made an estimate on an ordinary pair of women's kid shoes, figuring the factory cost around \$12.25.

"Retailers, in selling fancy styles, generally figure on a profit of 50 per cent," he said, "for if the style change they have to sell their remaining stock at a loss. If ordinary shoes cost \$12.25, ultra styles will be at least \$2 more. You can't figure any way that shoes will be cheap next fall and winter."

An editorial in the current issue of the Shoe and Leather Reporter states that while stocks of beef and other meats are larger than for years in the hands of the packers, the stock of hides is far short of actual requirements and from those facts, estimates that meat should soon be cheaper but that leather will be much higher. It appears that the consumer with a large family certainly will be out of luck next fall in any event.

No Worms in a Healthy Child.

All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule there is more or less stomach disturbance. GLEVO TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

PRIVATE SEWER BAD.

H. F. McDonald and L. B. Harris late of the city of Memphis, Tenn., were indicted by the grand jury of Shelby and the Cudahy Packing company, seeking to abate an offensive nuisance and asking for compensation for damages growing out of a charge that the defendants are maintaining through their farm property a drain pipe which emits offensive odors.

The drain pipe, they say, extends from the workhouse through their farm to the river and declare they have reason to believe the company controlling the drain has allowed the packing company to tap same and carry off its refuse. J. B. Webb is attorney for complainants.

CUPID FELL DOWN.

Suit for divorce was filed late Wednesday in the circuit court by Fannie Graves Price against Jack Price, through her attorneys, Bates & Martin. Mrs. Price declares complainant beat her, cursed and abused her, abandoned her and has not contributed to her support since August, 1918. They were married, she says, in March, 1900.

"Lo, your honor!" I put out my hand. He did not take it. "What have you been doing? Never had I seen his eye so cold, so hostile. 'What does this mean?' He reached into his pocket, took out a folded handkerchief and opened it for me to read.

"Reward for the apprehension of Al Jennings," it said, "wanted for the robbery of the Santa Fe express."

I saw it in a moment. This was the work of Houston and Love. They would get me out of the way. They would save their cringing hides by another, cleverer, plan.

"I had nothing to do with it. I'm damn sorry I didn't. I hurled the word at my father. Anger caught me by the throat, and I was choking me. 'Damned if I had anything to do with it. By hell, they'll pay for it!'

Appeal Becomes Command.

"If you had nothing to do with it, give up and clear yourself. That's the way to make them pay."

One of those sudden shifts from command to appeal, softer than my father's face. "Do you want to bring disgrace on the name?" he asked.

"The name be damned, and the law and everything connected with it. I hate it."

"If you don't come in and clear yourself, I'm finished with you."

"I can't clear myself," I told him. "The Harless range harbors outlaws. I don't know where to prove my father's name. Harless wasn't there at the time. If I did give up, I couldn't establish my innocence."

"Then you're guilty?"

Not in all the lawlessness of my early life, no in all the frenzy of sorrow and revenge after the murder, had such a full tide of storming violence beaten down to the discretion of my father's face. I wanted something to happen that once and for all would put me beyond the pale.

I went out from my father's house, lashed with desperate, unappeasable fury. I wanted something to happen that once and for all would put me beyond the pale.

I slept out on the range and the next morning rode toward Arkaba. I had eaten nothing the day before. On the public road through the timber on the old trail west from Fort Smith was a little country store. I could have carried off its contents in my sacker.

Five men were lounging on the bench near the horse rack when I threw my bridle over the pole. Their horses were tied. I couldn't tell whether they were marshals or horse thieves from the look of them. Whatever difference there is, I favored the horse thief.

I bought some cheese and crackers. When I came out my horse was gone.

Horse Turned Loose.

"Where's my horse?" The fellow felt the hot blast of anger in the challenge. "Ran away," he answered.

"Ran?" I snapped at him. "Some of you fellows turned him loose."

In the glade about 10 yards distant, I saw that I had lost my horse. I ran down, mounted and was just galloping off when a shot whizzed past, then a crash, a volley and the next moment the mare lunged sideways and thumped to the ground pinning my leg under her.

I pulled myself free, started firing like a madman, and saw two of them drop. I hid behind a tree, plugged up again and went for the porch, shooting as I went. Two of them ran into the timber.

As I got to the store the fifth tumbled over into the brush. I ran inside, took

Great Mid-Summer Dental Reductions Are Now On

The great annual reductions I make at this season each year are now in effect. You can't afford to overlook these prices. They mean a tremendous saving on your dental bill. My policy of many patients and small profits is strikingly demonstrated during these reductions. Don't delay. Don't wait. Come now. Consultation and advice will cost you nothing.

Have Your Work Done Now

You not only save money by taking advantage of these prices now, but you save your teeth and health as well. A little work now will save you a great deal of annoyance and inconvenience in the future. The response to this announcement will be tremendous. It always is. Don't wait until the last of the month, but come now—today—while I

am not rushed and can give you the very best of attention. All work in this reduction will be "Winfrey Quality" in every respect. It will be the best work possible to buy. No patient will be slighted, no matter how busy I am. Work must be up to my high standard, and will be under my absolute guarantee.



These Prices Are Good Until August 30

BRIDGE WORK (Winfrey Quality) Per Tooth \$3.50 Made of the best materials, by workmen who are thoroughly experienced and competent.	SET OF TEETH (Winfrey Quality) Either Upper or Lower \$7.50	GOLD CROWNS (Winfrey Quality) \$3.50 Made of pure 22-k gold and guaranteed in every respect.
---	--	---

R. C. WINFREY, Dentist

Dr. H. W. Winfrey } Associate Dentist
Dr. G. J. Eisman }
86 UNION AVE. Over 28 Years' Experience
Corner Main—Over Drug Store. Office Hours—8:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. Sundays, 9 to 12 A.M.

"O. Henry and Al Jennings"

Thrilling Story of Two Men Who Had Most Spectacular Careers of Crime, Served Time and Came Back to Distinguished and Useful Careers.

(Copyright by Al Jennings, 1919.)

(Continued From Previous Issue.)

CHAPTER VII.
Houston and Love free!

"The thing I had been dreading and expecting for six months came now with a shock that sent a cold fury of resolution through me. I knew that I would have to do deliberately what I should have done in passion.

It was not blood-lust, but raging vindictiveness that spurred me on the 75-mile ride to my father's house.

The hoofbeats stopping at his door aroused him. When he saw me, he stood as one petrified.

"Lo, your honor!" I put out my hand. He did not take it. "What have you been doing? Never had I seen his eye so cold, so hostile. 'What does this mean?' He reached into his pocket, took out a folded handkerchief and opened it for me to read.

"Reward for the apprehension of Al Jennings," it said, "wanted for the robbery of the Santa Fe express."

I saw it in a moment. This was the work of Houston and Love. They would get me out of the way. They would save their cringing hides by another, cleverer, plan.

"I had nothing to do with it. I'm damn sorry I didn't. I hurled the word at my father. Anger caught me by the throat, and I was choking me. 'Damned if I had anything to do with it. By hell, they'll pay for it!'

Appeal Becomes Command.

"If you had nothing to do with it, give up and clear yourself. That's the way to make them pay."

One of those sudden shifts from command to appeal, softer than my father's face. "Do you want to bring disgrace on the name?" he asked.

"The name be damned, and the law and everything connected with it. I hate it."

"If you don't come in and clear yourself, I'm finished with you."

"I can't clear myself," I told him. "The Harless range harbors outlaws. I don't know where to prove my father's name. Harless wasn't there at the time. If I did give up, I couldn't establish my innocence."

"Then you're guilty?"

Not in all the lawlessness of my early life, no in all the frenzy of sorrow and revenge after the murder, had such a full tide of storming violence beaten down to the discretion of my father's face. I wanted something to happen that once and for all would put me beyond the pale.

I went out from my father's house, lashed with desperate, unappeasable fury. I wanted something to happen that once and for all would put me beyond the pale.

I slept out on the range and the next morning rode toward Arkaba. I had eaten nothing the day before. On the public road through the timber on the old trail west from Fort Smith was a little country store. I could have carried off its contents in my sacker.

Five men were lounging on the bench near the horse rack when I threw my bridle over the pole. Their horses were tied. I couldn't tell whether they were marshals or horse thieves from the look of them. Whatever difference there is, I favored the horse thief.

I bought some cheese and crackers. When I came out my horse was gone.

Horse Turned Loose.

"Where's my horse?" The fellow felt the hot blast of anger in the challenge. "Ran away," he answered.

"Ran?" I snapped at him. "Some of you fellows turned him loose."

In the glade about 10 yards distant, I saw that I had lost my horse. I ran down, mounted and was just galloping off when a shot whizzed past, then a crash, a volley and the next moment the mare lunged sideways and thumped to the ground pinning my leg under her.

I pulled myself free, started firing like a madman, and saw two of them drop. I hid behind a tree, plugged up again and went for the porch, shooting as I went. Two of them ran into the timber.

As I got to the store the fifth tumbled over into the brush. I ran inside, took

Better. The oppression of the night is an uncanny thing to a man beset with fearful decisions.

"I wasn't another word said about the holdup. We looked about and let the horses take their ease until the late afternoon. I was anxious to be on the road—to have the suspense over—to start the scrap and be done with it.

We mounted about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and made ahead at an amiable trot, stopping now and then to rest. We wanted to pass the horses cool for the return. It was cool dark when we rode into a clump of timber, and the horses took a cottonwood tree and threw the other bridges over his saddle horn. It all helps the getaway.

As soon as we climbed down through the brush, the terror of the night before, a thousand times intensified, jabbed through me. The branch of every tree rustled with alarms. I expected any moment to see marshals step from behind the trunk or angry citizens to swoop down on us. The nearest house was five miles distant and the only living soul around, the old pump man. But the dry sticks cracked like a festive bonfire. I wanted to caution them to pack their way.

Felt Whole Responsibility.

I felt as though the entire responsibility rested on my shoulders. It occurred to me that the whole affair had been bungled. They had not planned it out enough.

"Suppose the old man won't stop the train?" the question popped out. Andy laughed in my ear.

"They haven't to get a new man at the pump house," he confided. "This put a crimp in me. I had shot men without any particular grudge, but to murder in cold blood as a matter of business—I'd have given anything on God's green earth to be off the job."

"Who's got a match?" Jake chirped as merrily as though he sat in his own maniac.

"For God's sake, you're not going to strike a match here, are you?" Even the least of my men seemed to tremble through the silence. Jake struck the match, covering the light with his coat. He took out his watch. It was 11:10. Fifteen minutes and the train would roll in.

Footling Lost on Trestle.

The massive iron bridge all but crashed to pieces as I put a light foot on its beam. The tall girders heaved together. In a panic, I lost my footing and half slipped through the trestle. Andy snatched his hand down and grabbed me up as though I were a kitten.

Our plan was to stop the train on the middle of the bridge to prevent the passengers from getting out. We would stall these cars on the trestle; the express would halt at the tank. We could rifle it and make a getaway before any alarm could be sent.

Andy gave me orders. "Bob, go bring the old man down and drag a red light along."

"Al and I will take the right. We need all the men tonight. The express is sure to be guarded."

As Bob sauntered off, I wondered if I would ever see him again. He came back, chugging the old man in the back with his six-shooter and ribbing him as he came.

"Don't fall on his gun. Bub, or someone will do a slow walk tomorrow."

The old fellow was chattering with fear. "Be easy, lad, be easy, be easy," he kept repeating like a magpie. "I ain't a-going to kick a rucus; be easy."

Locomotive Takes Water.

Suddenly there came a rumbling and a singing of the rails. Andy and I looked up to find a light like a great eye flashed through the timber. The engine chugged viciously, heaved, whistled, and came to a stop.

Stopped of its own accord, the water before it even got to the bridge! I got ringy from head to foot and was rolling in the grass when a shot banged out and a man swinging a light jumped off the train. It was the conductor.

He dashed right past me. I never thought to stop him. Andy ran past and fired. I came, too, then began running and screaming up and down the tracks. Bill and Jake were firing and hollering on the other side like an army of maniacs.

"Keep it up; that's it!" Andy yelled to me.

I did. Two or three passengers started to the steps. I fired in the air. They ducked. The fun was getting hot and furious. I was as happy as a drunkard.

And then the engine began to heave and the train pulled out. I was afraid of nothing. I wanted to run after it and kick it good-bye. I felt like belching. I wanted everyone to know I had stuck up a train and done it wondrously.

The hush seemed to swallow us up. Out of the darkness I could feel Andy

and Bob coming toward us. They didn't say a word. We started back quietly. I began to wonder what it was all about. Didn't get a bean?" I ventured. Andy caught my arm.

"Hell, yes, we went into the express," he said. "We got a little bundle."

(To Be Continued.)

APPEAL TO WILSON.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—Request that some action be taken by the government to reduce the increased cost of living was made of President Wilson yesterday by Warren S. Stone, president of the Brotherhood, who called at the White House.

CUTICURA HEALS BABY'S PIMPLES

All Over Head, Face and Arms. Itching and Burning. Cried Day and Night.

"When my baby was about three weeks old fine pimples broke out all over his head, face, and arms with itching and burning. He cried day and night. The pimples scaled and the skin was sore and inflamed. He scratched and could not sleep."

"He was suffering for about two months before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I could see a great change, and I used two cakes of Soap and one box of Ointment, which healed him." (Signed) Mrs. J. E. Sweatte, Box 68, Whaleyville, Va.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum usually prevent skin troubles.

See 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the world. For sample case free address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden, Mass."

Don't Cuticura Soap shaves without msg.

FORTUNE'S ALL-CREAM ICE CREAM

(Made from pure cream—no artificial maskings.) Served at our fountain or

HONK! HONK!

Drive up and blow twice for Fortune's Special Auto Soda Service.

Fortune-Ward Drug Co.

111 Madison Ave.

For Itching Torture

There is one remedy that seldom fails to stop itching torture and relieve skin irritation and that makes the skin soft, clear and healthy.

Any druggist can supply you with Zemo, which generally overcomes all skin diseases. Eczema, itch, pimples, rashes, blackheads in most cases give way to Zemo. Frequently, minor blemishes disappear over night. Itching usually stops instantly. Zemo is a safe, antiseptic liquid, clean, easy to use and dependable. It costs only 35c; an extra large bottle, \$1.00. It will not stain, is not greasy or sticky and is positively safe for tender, sensitive skins.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

peaches all winter

The only way to have this luscious fruit all year round is by preserving quantities of peaches now.

Sugar is too important in your preserving to order just "sugar"—order Domino Granulated which comes from the refinery to you untouched by hands and packed safe from flies and ants.

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.

Domino Cane Sugar Granulated
Domino Cane Sugar Granulated
Domino Golden Syrup

First Fall Showing

Of wonderful Suits, Dresses, Coats and Hats.

My August Fur Sale is now on. You will save at least 25 per cent by buying your furs now.

Use my no red tape, reference or investigation credit system.

Miller's Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Shop,

236 S. Main, Near Linden.